

We do not see our folks at home very often, as they are away all year, the rest are all kept busy. Father is not very hearty, it is quite cold and windy, and you know this keeps people at home too. Christmas will soon be here, but I believe there is nothing going on more than usual, there will be meeting at our church at that time. I wish you could be at home with us, to spend Christmas, that would be better than all else the world could give. We read of a place where feeling men would think that must be a happy place where sorrow and anguish can not be, I don't know as we should complain, but all seems to be gloomy. News are a little discouraging, but I believe you will have gone back across the Appalachian, soon any day now. The evening there is great anxiety, the people the great battle has commenced which has so long been expected, if we are defeated this time it will be a great fight. The 4th are here, get it to live, they have been looking for orders go, there has been some sickness among them they have had the measles too I expect you will have a chance for that disease. It is nearly eleven and I have nothing more to tell you, so I will write no more this time, write soon, we always think there is a long to hear from you, we miss the time but remain your sister, D. B. Jackson

I hope you will find some of our many mistakes, I always write at night when the children are asleep, and a goodnight in the morning

I Miller we haven't seen any of our folks since last Sunday week they were all well at that time. I believe Rip is going to school to Abbie O'Connell. You spoke of turkeys & chickens coming in camp & I suppose after they come in to camp you don't let them get out with the feathers on them. I think if I was in the service I would save all I could get hold of. I haven't much news to write I believe about the war report is that the two great armies are fighting in the side, hold their ~~their~~ grounds that they commenced on. I am in hope by spring the war will be over so you will go home many others can return to you home. Eli Smith & Maria were brought home last week & was buried last Sunday he was in the thirty first & in Menherry Co. I believe I will close as Anna wants to write now. I haven't any thing of importance to write you. OBT. D. B. Jackson

Terre Haute, Dec 16. 1862

Brother Miller

The recd. your letter dated the 4th we were glad to learn that you was getting better. I am in hope you will take good care of yourself when you get sick, especially if you get the measles if a person takes cold with them they hardly ever get over it. It is very cold today after the rain it rained here last Saturday & Sunday & then a Sunday night we had a tremendous rain the creek was as high as I ever saw them. We had a very fine fall the roads were dusty last Friday. We are enjoying pretty good health John & I are in bed asleep Anna is sewing up the old carpet we have to do a good many ways these war times but I expect we see good things to what you & thousands of other soldiers do so we have no reason to complain. Our Elder preaches for us at Mt Pleasant next Thursday night I heard him preach about twenty years ago when he was just starting out to preach he is the fellow that used to teach school up by the old Doctors. Suppose you know the old doctor is he is the man that has a gall that is her sister. I saw her the other day she looked fine

Dearest and ever loved brother,

I am glad of another opportunity of writing to you, but we are much more rejoiced to hear that you was getting well, when we hear once, we wait with great anxiety for the next to come, as health is very uncertain in the army, and it is almost the same everywhere, there has been a good deal of sickness through the country, we have no promise of health nor our lives, not even for a day longer, others are dropping out one by one this tells that all things earthly must soon pass away. I suppose you have heard of Mrs. Volpe's father and also nearly Jackson's the time has again come when men must assist the wife, and they have to make up for the loss of the husband, and sometimes get their own word. Times are very hard, everything is very high, and money scarce, the salary you show something about too I don't suppose you see much money there, but that you can do without, if you could always get enough to eat, it seems hard that soldiers must deprive themselves of every comfort, and sometimes not as much as they want to eat, we that are at home often think you when we come to the table, and would gladly carry you a part, if we could only do as you are, never forgotten by us, although you are far away, this thought brings thought that sorrow and silent tears start down the cheek, war is a terrible thing it makes things desolate, wherever it is, not only the desolation follow armies, but it comes the harvest of the many brave soldiers who have taken their leave of home and friends.

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Your sister. D. A. Jackson

P.S. You will please [ink blot] excuse so many mistakes. I always write at night when the children are asleep, and a poor light
in the bargain to [?]